

Northern Messenger

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	YES	NO
<p>ARE YOU IN FAVOUR OF AN ACT PROHIBITING THE IMPORTATION, MANUFACTURE OR SALE OF SPIRITS, WINE, ALE, BEER, CIDER, AND ALL OTHER ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS FOR USE AS BEVERAGES?</p>		

HOW WILL YOU VOTE?—THIS IS WHAT YOUR DECISION MEANS TO MILLIONS OF SOULS.

To Canadian Voters.

Before You Cast Your **VOTE** Pray God to Save the Drunkard,

And Listen to the Wail of Mothers and Children.

MORALITY or IMMORALITY ?

Your Ballot Will Tell in Favor of One or the Other.

Don't Stay Away from the Polls. Remember the word of Jesus, "He that is not with me is against me."

Don't let selfishness interfere with DUTY.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" was the question of a murderer. Cain up to date will not think of the ruin and misery that results from drink. If he likes his glass he will vote **NO** on the 29th.

Peace of mind and a good conscience will attend the man that votes right on the 29th.

Let all American readers of the 'Messenger' pray for the success of prohibition in this campaign.

The Black Valley Railway.

The Black Valley country is situated in an extensive lowland, lying between the Land of the Crystal River and a vast and unexplored desert, forming its lower boundary.

The upper portion, near the Crystal River, and in some degree under its influence, is beautiful and attractive. The clouds, reflecting the light from many of its resorts, are of roseate hues and rainbow colors, especially in the night; and thus many are attracted within its influence and tempted to dwell in its borders.

But gradually the country becomes rougher, more barren and stony. The inhabitants become poorer, and are infested with innumerable pains and diseases. Vice and crime abound. Innumerable drunkards and criminals are found there. Prisons and poorhouses take the place of churches and school-houses.

On its lower limits the Black Valley country is bounded by a vast desert, whose inhabitants are continually wandering in dry places, seeking rest and finding none. Over this desert thick clouds are always rolling, indicating approaching storms and tempests, while forked lightnings cross and thunders mutter sounds of sullen wrath. 'A land of darkness as darkness itself.' It is a place of outer darkness, where is weeping and gnashing of teeth. Here is the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched. Here is found the reptile whose tooth is like 'the cruel venom of asps,' and which, 'at last,